





# Golden Jubilee celebrationsThe Royal Family

Pictures: IAN JONES, STEPHEN LOCK, REUTERS, MICHAEL DUNLEA, PA



Prince Charles and the Princess Royal in ceremonial mode



A mirror image from the Countess of Wessex and Zara Phillips



Prince William and Prince Harry, wearing their jubilee medals, leave the cathedral following the service



Lady Helen Taylor at the entrance of St Paul's



A contemplative Princess Eugenie, aged 12



Prince Andrew with Prince William

## No corner of the Queen's realm can have

FOR two days we saw a page of our history unfurled and brilliantly illustrated by sketches of us as we truly are. Of all the royal pageants I have seen in the past 70 years this one came closer to the life of our nation than any before it. And never at the close has The Mall been so crammed.

There has certainly been no great state occasion with a wider embrace. No corner of the Queen's realm can have felt excluded. Certainly not elderly pop stars, the bikers, nor performers in the Notting Hill Carnival Parade, nor young children of the Commonwealth, nor the many who render service voluntarily.

Nor, bless its heart, was Slough, where the Queen and Prince Philip did a walkabout on Monday, finally expunging, we may hope,

### Commentary by W.F. Deedes



that mischievous line by Betjeman – “Come friendly bombs”.

Slough, it is good to report, saw Prince Philip at his most benign, smiling and waving at the children. “Newspapers only notice me,” one supposes he sometimes murmurs to the Queen, “when I’ve dropped a clanger.” Well, to mark this jubilee let us say

something different. He can be salty, as some sailors are; but, one judges, when storms blew up and seas raged, as they have occasionally done during this reign, he could be trusted at the wheel.

Do we really suppose the Queen has never had dark hours during her time on the throne, has never felt the need for a supporting arm?

The Prince will never get his due for the part he’s played in helping to keep things on an even keel; and to his credit he won’t expect it.

Down in The Mall as Monday night’s concert struck up and sent the Golden Jubilee into orbit, crowds streaming everywhere, you could see how skillfully they’d guarded against any feeling of exclusion. People wanted to see the stars as

well as hear them – which you did all through St James’s. High marks to whoever thought of screens in The Mall.

These were the foot soldiers, one felt, defying the weather forecasters, forsaking their cosy chairs and television at home, humping their young and their bedding – for some of them, I saw, slept out in the park.

For ever after they could say, “I was there – I saw Dame Edna Everage greet the Queen, saw Rod Stewart bow low to her, heard Paul McCartney sing to her.”

“I don’t think any of us will forget this evening,” said the Prince of Wales as he stood among the performers delivering a tribute to his mother, the Queen. Yes, they’ll remember it for a long time; an evening made memorable by its music and dazzling by the technicians to whom the Prince paid tribute.

The critics will have their say about individual performances, but the evening didn’t belong to them. To my untutored eye the whole show looked a triumphant success.

As the fireworks went off, I saw the Queen glance at the roof of her Palace and with that dry humour her face conveys so well, express the unspoken thought, “Well, if that doesn’t set the place on fire, nothing on earth can.”

How astounded Queen Victoria would have been to see 12,000 of her subjects chosen by lot and feasting off chicken and champagne on the lawns of Buckingham Palace. So for that matter would this Queen’s grandfather, King George V. From what I saw of it, the Queen looked as if it happened every day.

But once or twice towards the end of Monday evening, as the cheers went up from a huge crowd, there crossed her face the



# Ceremonial procession Golden Jubilee celebrations

Pictures: PA, AP, STEPHEN LOCK



What did he say? Prince Charles appears to have been the author of a joke which causes quite a reaction among the younger royals as they watch the Commonwealth parade from the Royal Box in The Mall



The stuff of fairy tales, the State Gold Coach, emerges from the Palace with the Queen and Prince Philip inside



A huge puppet joins a host of costumed dancers from the Notting Hill Carnival stepping out along The Mall



Two young women at St Paul's show wholehearted support for the occasion, with a fly-the-flag patriotic look

## felt excluded from this joyous celebration

touching look her grandfather wore at his Silver Jubilee, which said I hardly knew they cared so much.

Glancing through the ranks of young children brought to The Mall and close to the Palace to share the joys of recent days, one fell to wondering what in, say, fifty years time they will remember of all this.

What will they be telling their grandchildren about this Golden Jubilee?

Some of the boys, I suppose, will long retain in their mind's eye that final scene as Concorde and aircraft not on the drawing board at the start of her reign thundered over the Palace roof and those acrobats of the air, the Red Arrows sprayed out the national colours in the sky.

The girls will carry the music in their heads for a while. They led the field, I

thought, in this festival of song because wherever they were they sang as if their hearts were in it. They did so much, those younger children, to spread the joy around. They'll remember these days and will be passing some of it on to their grandchildren half a century or so on.

Today's grandparents are more likely to remember that balcony scene itself – the Queen surrounded by her family – and yet in one sense alone there have been quite a few of those scenes in this half century, but none perhaps conveying so poignantly the lonely eminence of duty at the top.

Just suppose, I imagined, as she stood there waving at the million in the Mall, that she had learned during the day that war between India and Pakistan was now virtually unstoppable and that all her

**‘How astounded Queen Victoria would have been to see 12,000 subjects chosen by lot feasting on the Palace lawns’**

subjects still in India were menaced by nuclear war.

At the age of 76, with that on her mind, she must still acknowledge those cheering thousands round the Queen Victoria Memorial and look entirely happy at this, the climax of a tremendous show and fifty years on the throne. A lonely eminence indeed.

The music we heard at different times will echo on for a while in many heads. The Beatles, as Paul McCartney reminded us, have run through most of this reign; but they are exceptional. Modern songs tend to die young. Whatever happened to those hits at the start of this reign – *I Love Paris*, *Rock Around the Clock* and *Rosemarie*?

It is more likely, I think, that when the children who were there this week become

grandparents they will still be singing, as the congregation sang in St Paul's Cathedral during yesterday morning's Service of Celebration and Thanksgiving, Ralph Vaughan Williams's timeless rendering of *Who would true valour see* or H F Lyte's *Praise my soul, the King of Heaven*.

For the Queen herself, one senses, the service in St Paul's of celebration and renewal was the climax of her jubilee. When she uses the expression, “and with God's help,” she means it. Some of her subjects feel they can do without it, but this Queen emphatically does not. How else to bear all that responsibility for fifty years?

Yet an early footnote is called for at this point. In days past, before what is denounced as deference (but is no more

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# Golden Jubilee celebrations Street parties

Pictures: GUY HARROP, JEFF MOORE, ABBIE TRAYLER-SMITH, FIONA HANSON



**Leighland, Somerset:** villagers young and old present a sea of Union Jacks — flags and hats — as they toast the Queen's 50 years on the throne at their Golden Jubilee party



**Jubilee Street, east London:** a Union Jack Russell at one of London's best addresses for the day



**Ealing, west London:** twins Janet Sever and Ann Carman were trainee nurses in Westminster in 1952



**Windsor, Berkshire:** a drama group provides a little street theatre for a Golden Jubilee parade which had the advantage of Windsor Castle as a backdrop. About 16,000 people lined the streets



# Street parties Golden Jubilee celebrations

Pictures: ROSS PARRY, STEVE REIGATE, EDDIE MULHOLLAND, HEATHCLIFF O'MALLEY, HOWARD BARLOW and DAVID BURGESS



**Ossett, West Yorkshire:** the sun shines on Britain's biggest jubilee party, where there were almost as many sunglasses on show as Union Jacks



**Windsor:** Sophie Hercules waves her flag during the Queen's walkabout



**Clapham, south London:** all eyes on eggs during party games at The Chase



**Notting Hill, west London:** more games, this time in Moorehouse Road, where neighbours turned out in force to mark the jubilee



**Jubilee Drive, Liverpool:** a guest makes an unexpected entrance ... the party organiser, Christina Clinton



**Beeley, Derbyshire:** rain stops play, but only for a moment — the celebrations moved to the village hall



# Golden Jubilee celebrationsConcerts

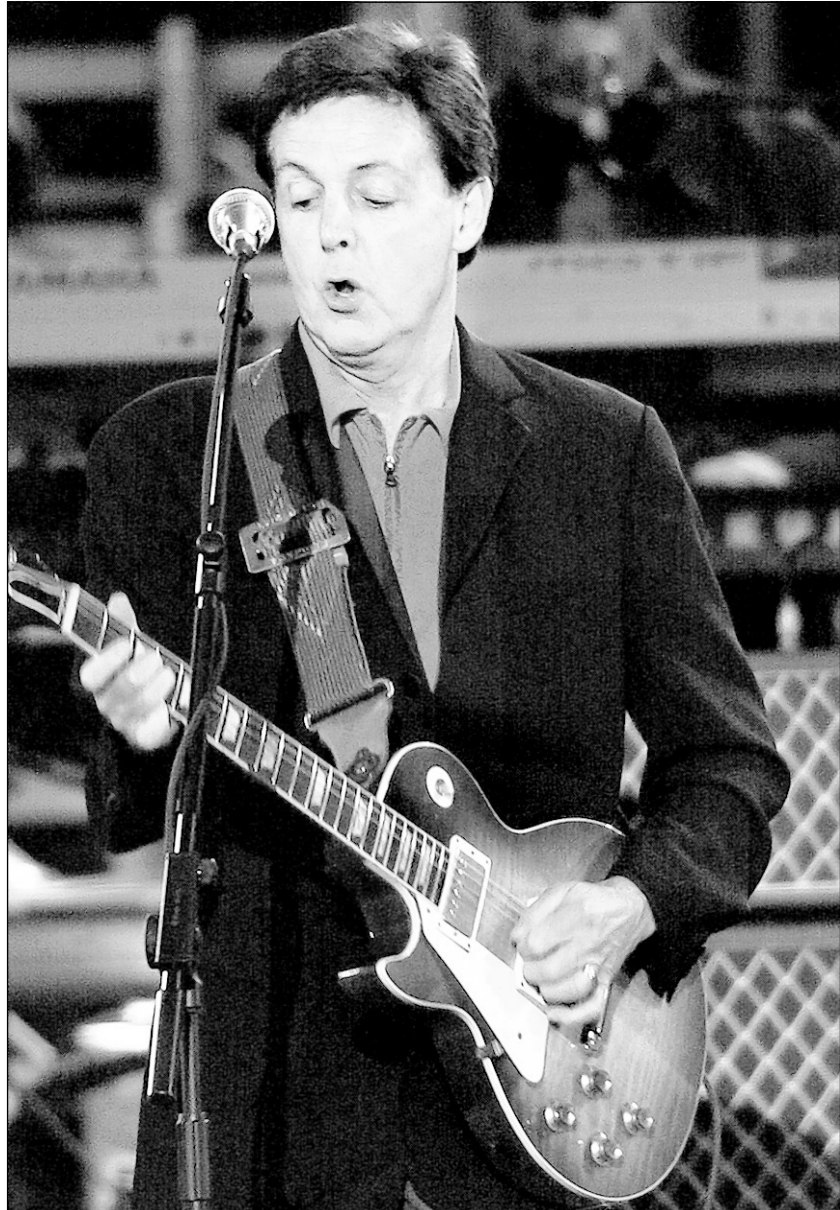
Pictures: IAN JONES, JONATHAN BUCKMASTER, BENJAMIN STANSALL, PA and REUTERS



Angela Gheorghiu, the Romanian-born soprano, was one of the highlights of the Prom at the Palace, the classical concert held in the Buckingham Palace gardens on Saturday



Dame Kiri Te Kanawa enchanted with Bizet and Gershwin



Sir Paul McCartney, soon to be married, plays at the party



Atomic Kitten dressed to thrill their fans



Pre-concert champagne gets two fans in the mood



**Beacon trail:** The world's coolest jubilee party is at the British Antarctic Survey's Rothera station, left. Children enjoy the beacon in Trevose, Cornwall, and soldiers in Kabul pay their own tribute



# Never in our history have so many baseball

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(than courtesies) became incorrect, newspapers' criticism of the monarch was camouflaged by phrases such as "it is felt that royal advisers were wrong to..."  
Now it should go on record, I thought while listening to Chicken Shed Children's and Youth Theatre and the Golden Jubilee Gospel Choir, as they sang about the future in The Mall yesterday afternoon, that this time around, the royal advisers got it right. Maybe Prince William and Harry got a word in their ear.  
This Golden Jubilee, I think I hear them agreeing round some paper-laden table months ago, must put its shirt on the future. If the Crown is to draw the respect and affection of those now in their teens and younger, then it must show them how far it is

in tune with them and what they like the most. The path to their heart is music and that is the path this jubilee must take. The grand old men of music, my ear at the keyhole hears them saying, must have a place; but if we want the hearts of the young, then these are the stars who must play and these are the songs they must sing.  
And let those of mature years, who have no taste for pop and harbour dark thoughts about Ozzy Osbourne, yet wish the future of the monarchy well, swallow their prejudices and agree that this was a very good idea.  
And while in generous mood, let's give the BBC its due because it gave this grand theme reality. Of course, being famously neutral about the monarchy, it had occasionally to tip its hat to those who felt the whole thing was a waste of time; simply an opportunity, as one

sourpuss put it, "for the Royal Family to engage in self-promotion".  
The Corporation contrived to do this through what they called Interactive, a running commentary from those who wished to deliver bouquets or brickbats. But much may be forgiven the BBC for constantly keeping us in mind that this was a national and not a metropolitan festival. This was not simply London and its visitors rejoicing around the Palace and The Mall. There were, the BBC reminded us – especially in Monday's nationwide rendition of *All You Need is Love* – a lot of people rejoicing in less exciting places.  
There was consolation for the traditionalists with that gold carriage commissioned by George III – and one in the eye for Civil List nitpickers with the

Windsorian coach which conveyed the lesser lights to Paul's so economically.  
"But granny, did the Queen really approve of all those funny people they brought into her Golden Jubilee?" "Yes, dear, I've always understood she wanted them brought in."  
It's never easy to read the truth in these great state occasions. This one was more imaginative than any I have seen. Yesterday morning in St Paul's illustrated so well the wide embrace.  
Different faiths, the unknown young, and members of the Commonwealth were drawn in alongside church leaders. Come to think of it, the homespun words of the Archbishop of Canterbury fitted the occasion very well.  
Of course, as we saw in The Mall yesterday, the girls have only eyes for Will. That's natural enough and anyway he's part of that

family of which the Queen spoke with such feeling at the Lord Mayor's lunch.  
And after she got her standing ovation – hey, what is this? None other than our Prime Minister! Swallow your prejudices again. I thought it came at a funny time, but it wasn't half bad. Prince Philip blinked a bit when Mr Blair paid him a compliment; but to do Mr Blair justice, he got close to the heart of it. She has adapted monarchy successfully to the modern world. Awareness of that drew a lot of cheers.  
If you want to know what people really think about her, wake them up in the park, as I did early yesterday, after they've spent a damp night there, sleeping rough. For the time being, and let's say no more than that, this thing has sunk in. Deep.  
And it does seem that the warm feeling she



# Concerts Golden Jubilee celebrations

Pictures: JOHN COBB, PA, REUTERS, IAN JONES and GRAHAM BARCLAY



The crowd in The Mall joins in the spirit of the Party at the Palace as a giant screen shows Brian May starting the concert with his rendition of the National Anthem



Ricky Martin moves to a Latin American rhythm



Wild man of rock Ozzy Osbourne on best behaviour



Belting it out, Dame Shirley Bassey finds the perfect pitch



Sir Cliff Richard goes back to his rock'n'roll roots with Brian May on guitar



Will Young, from Pop Idol to playing before 12,000 people



A young fan enjoys a shoulder-hoisted view in St James's Park



Sharon Corr is projected on to a giant screen for fans outside the Palace

## caps come within sight of Palace windows

draw from so many owes something to the quality that Mr Blair spoke of, "commitment to the service of others". What a day of contrasts it was. From the choir of St Paul's to the best that the Mansion House chefs can put on a plate, the City ascendant. Then back to The Mall again where the dress designers reminded us that the Empire has indeed got much smaller since Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee of 1897 but the Commonwealth, which this Queen more than anyone else has distilled from it, is far more colourful. Good to think she hasn't travelled all those thousands of miles for fifty years to no end. We caught glimpses of what she has been looking at, over and over again, on the dusty plains of Africa and other distant lands. Multiracial? Obviously. One heart?

Ah, harder to say; but nobody could have tried more than this Queen has done to make it so. Then the young singers with their message to the youth of the world. Never in our history have so many baseball caps come within sight of the Palace windows. But this is how they wanted it to be: young voices hailing the world that lies in wait for them, not older voices regretting the world that has gone past. After Notting Hill and the river of gold, the Services parade seemed unremarkable; but service save in dire emergencies is usually unremarkable, which is why it goes unthanked. Then how did we live in the five decades of this reign? How did we dance, what did we drive – and why did we pour all that gravy and sauce over our food?

**‘In those final moments as she marched cheerfully along with those children, we witnessed her finest hour’**

Interesting, but not riveting. The Queen contrived for the most part, towards the end of a long two days, to look riveted. Last and rather more colourful than our living habits, the Commonwealth. Well, I thought, as they rolled past, how many nations in history after their empires had gone could have put on a show like this? None of them could. As in those final moments she marched cheerfully along with those children, we witnessed her finest hour. "But granny, didn't it cost an awful lot of money to give her that big party with all those fireworks?" "Yes, I expect it did. But it's a dull heart that never rejoices. We wanted to show that monarchy might have drawbacks, but we liked it best." "And her as well?" "Yes, deep down we

were and still are a fair-minded people. Most of us felt in our hearts that she'd done her duty well, had come through sad times composed and dignified, had shown, as the Archbishop said at the time, "the steadfastness of a faithful servant". She was old enough too, remember, to wear uniform in that war of long ago. "She'd salvaged a Commonwealth out of a lost empire without much encouragement from any of the 10 Prime Ministers who'd kissed her hand. "For fifty years she had walked on a swaying tightrope between tradition and the need for change. So all in all she deserved the fanfares, the pop stars, big bands and lots of fireworks." "And after all that, she went on working, granny?" "Yes."



# Golden Jubilee celebrationsFlypast

Picture: BARRY BATCHELOR

